When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
VVhere now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your childe,
(VVhich pleaſures fits an husband,not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like ſerpents are,who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poyſon breed.
*Antioch* farwell,for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt,as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I,and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He muſt not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall,my honour muſt keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thal.* Doth your highneſſe call?

*Anti.* *Thaliard*,you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard:*

Behold,



Behold,heer's poyſon and he
VVe hate the Prince of *Tyre*
It fits thee not to aske the rea
Becauſe we bid it: ſay,is it d
*Thal.* My Lord,tis done.

*Enter a M*

*Ant.* Enough. Let your
haſte.
*Meſſ.* My Lord, Prince *Pe*
*Ant.* As thou wilt liue,flye
a well experient Archer hits
do thou neuer returne,vnleſ
*Thal.* My Lord,if I can g
make him ſure enough: ſo fa
*Anti. Thaliard* adieu, till *I*
My heart can lend no ſuccou

*Enter Pericles*

*Per.* Let none diſturbe vs
VVhy ſhould this change of
The ſad companion dull-eyd
By me ſo vſde, a gueſt as not
In the dayes glorious walke
The toombe where griefe ſh
Here pleaſures court mine ey
And danger which I feard,is
VVhoſe arme ſeemes farre t
Yet neither pleaſures art can
Nor yet the others diſtance
Then it is thus,that paſſions
That haue their firſt concept
Haue after nouriſhment and
And what was firſt but feare
Growes elder now,and care
And ſo with me; the great
Gainſt whom I am too little